

THE POLITICAL HOROSCOPE

The political situation has taken an upward trend in its relation to the Negro.

President Roosevelt has amply demonstrated that he grasps the full significance of his high office—that he is not the chief magistrate of the North, the East, the South or the West—not the executive head of the white people, black people, the lame, halt or blind,—but that he is the President of all the people under the flag of our com-



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mon country. No occupant of the White House within our memory or whose history we can recall has shown the force of character, sturdy adherence to right, and independence of sordid influence that seems to govern every act of Theodore Roosevelt—because it is so rare, in this era of selfishness, greed, trimming, and commercial heartlessness to discover in a position of power an officer of fine mental fiber, of broad generous impulses and who has the courage to make his conduct "square" with his honest convictions. We are sincerely glad the nation has at last a "real President."

"Unawed by influence and Unbrib'd by gain."

History is being made so rapidly these days that it requires a kintoscope to keep a comprehensive record of current events. The South Carolina agony is ended and the nomination of Dr. William Demas Crum for collector of the port of Charleston, has been sent the Senate. This is a signal victory for the genial South Carolinian, for it was won only by expert generalship against an uncompromising foe, and after one of the hardest fought contests known in the political annals of the nation. Dr. Crum has been weighed in the balance and has not been found wanting. Through every test he has been assayed pure gold, and there is no reason why his prompt confirmation may not be expected. His record as a man and as a political leader bears no blemish, and his enemies in a fair fight have been driven from the field, horse, foot and dragoon. Characteristic southern chivalry dictates that he should now be allowed to enjoy his laurels in peace.

Like a thunder-clap in a clear sky comes the report of trouble over the postmastership at Indianola, Miss., a place of 630 inhabitants. The "fly in the ointment" to a few of these people is the fact that the postmaster is colored. The strange part of it is that the bubble of anger should break out now, after the lady—Mrs. Minnie M. Cox—should have served faithfully and acceptably for fully nine years. Her character is beyond question, and her efficiency is rated No. 1. Yet her safety is threatened by citizens, she is intimidated and forced under duress to resign, as the local officials could not guarantee her protection in the discharge of her duties. Mrs. Cox had no alternative than to close the office, and forward her resignation to Wash-

ington, with a recital of the facts. This was done. But the leonine nature of President Roosevelt was not taken into account by these hot-blooded southerners, who thought they could now bag a snug birth for one of their number. The President at once saw through the game, and denouncing the cowardly attitude of the Indianola people as an outrage, he ordered the post office at that point discontinued until such a time as the lawless classes could be restrained by the authorities, and the regularly constituted agent of the government protected in the exercise of her rights. Mrs. Cox's resignation was not accepted and her salary of \$1,200 goes on indefinitely. Until she can be accepted as postmaster, mail for Indianola goes to Greenville, the nearest presidential post office, twenty five miles from Indianola, and forty miles from some of the patrons served by that office. Indignation is, of course at a white heat, and talk of race war is heard frequently. Violence is feared. The whites seem determined to hold out, and have established an independent carrier service. The situation is surely an anomalous one for a republic. So-called sensible people, putative, patriotic (?) American citizens, up in arms because, forsooth the government chooses to place as supervisor of the local mail service a person of dark complexion; and there must needs be a revolution! The shame of it! In the



HON JOHN H SMYTHE

meantime the Post Office Department stands "pat" and holds up an old law against conspiracy against federal officials in line of duty, and hints at the prosecution of offenders. The punishment to the law abiding citizens of Indianola is served but they are suffering the "dead sea fruit" that naturally comes from the encouragement given to the mob by their long silence and failure to rebuke the outrages of their lower elements. The enlightened public sentiment of the country will sustain the President in his firm stand for law and order. The struggle between the majesty of right and the fury of the mob might as well be fought to a finish at Indianola as anywhere else. It is well that the executive chair is filled by a man of backbone.

In the logical order of events, the next move upon the political checker-board will be the re-appointment of Samuel H. Vick as postmaster at Wilson, N. C. He has made his case, and thrown his opponents out of court in true gladiatorial style. The issue has been purely one of color, and the nation is very nearly ready to believe that such an issue "cuts no ice" with our gallant chief executive. Just because Senator Pritchard happens to disapprove of Negroes in office is no reason why he should insist that Mr. Roosevelt share his prejudices. Even the Washington Post was gracious enough to give Mr. Vick a pleasing "hand" last Sunday morning—a splendid tribute it was to a worthy man. The re-appointment of Mr. Vick is momentarily looked for.

The humblest sheet is entitled to cordial recognition, if it rings true upon issues vital to the race, and the

best and most expensive journals should not be derelict in granting them the usual courtesy of a place on the "exchange list." The Indian Territory Sun, which sheds an ever-welcome light in a dawning civilization, lauds, encourages and explains in this characteristic fashion:

The Colored American, of Washington, D. C., and the Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., the two greatest Negro newspapers in the world, have never failed in a single issue to come to our desk since they placed our name on their X list over a year ago.

Brothers E. E. Cooper and George L. Knox were too broad-gauged and generous to take our name off their book when the Sun went down in darkness and failed to shine on their desk for sixty November and December days, while we were rallying to get our office equipments to establish the first Negro printing office to give the colored boys and girls the first opportunity to become type setters and printers here.

They are among the class of men who help young men to rise in the world that they may have help to stay up.

Brothers, here is our hand. It is ready to rise in defense of you in every just and honorable cause. Keep on your own royal way."

There is no dearth of material from which a selection can be made. It has been given out that Rev. C. H. Payne, of West Virginia, has been agreed upon by the President, upon the urgency of Senators Scott and Atkinson, in recognition of his effective work in West Virginia campaigns. There comes another report that the plum has been knocked by Hon. J. C. Napier, of Tennessee, a gentleman of most engaging address, and who typifies the best in American manhood. He is said to be heavily backed. It will be remembered that Mr. Napier came within an ace of winning out for Register of the Treasury, at the time Mr. Bruce was appointed. There is a feeling that he has "something coming to him," and it will not surprise his friends if he should turn the lucky card. Indiana may present Lawyer J. H. Lott, a man of no small degree of merit, and Kentucky may submit the claims of W. A. Gaines. In Missouri the woods are full of candidates, and in the South, the "old wah hoss," Col. W. A. Pledger has a lightning rod higher in the air than the spire of Trinity Church. Ex-Governor Pinchback, ex-Congressman White and ex-Recorder Cheatham say they would not accept the place, so the President will have to take care of them at home in some fashion. Let the merry war go on, and may the best man "tree the bear."

Editor J. C. Duke makes this pertinent inquiry:

"There used to be a paper published at Cleveand, Ohio by the name of the 'Gazette.' Is it still alive; or moulding in the graveyard of 'has beens?'"

It may be stated for the benefit of our Arkansas brother that the paper in question is not a "has been." It is a "never waser."

A white woman, astonished to see so many well-dressed and intelligent colored people at the Atlanta Congress last summer, referred to them as "new-fangled Negroes." Dr. I. B. Scott was quite well pleased with the happily coined phrase, and after deploring the overplus of the shiftless and backward element, remarked concerning the "new-fangled Negro:"

"Nevertheless he is coming on the scene in every community and will in future be both felt and seen more and more. He is coming into our pulpits, our school rooms and our homes; he is establishing business houses and banks and making for himself a place in the commercial world; he is practicing medicine and law and winning laurels in literary circles; the fact is, it is easier by far to tell what this "new-fangled" Negro is not doing than what he is, for he is entering every door that's open and hammering at those that are shut. His purpose is that his neighbors shall not only hear of him but see him and eventually recognize his standing, his ability and his real worth."

Yea, verily, the "newfangled Negro" is here, and we are glad to see it universally agreed that he has come to stay."

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